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HOW A HOME WAS BUILT.—III.

A DECORATIVE ROMANCE.

BY EDWARD LEE YOUNG.

"MANY stories could be written of the intricate channels of the lower keys, where during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the pirates knew them, retreated through them, into the safe and sheltered harbors.

"We located the house five years ago with one end to the ocean and one toward the bay," continued Mr. Paul, "and have named many of the out-buildings in the Seminole tongue, such as, for one, Ho-tah-lee we-ke-wa-che, which means wind water. Oh, we know that it's absurdly long, but it means more than windmill or water windmill.

"We lived in tents until the four rooms of the west wing were under roof and then we moved in.

"How did I build the house, you ask? Well, I'll tell you. You see, we had a sort of consumptive upholsterer and an unfortunate varnisher, both of whose lives could be saved in a different climate from New York. Well, we sent for them and also many barrels of cement. The men worked—in fact, we all worked; and from the beach on the ocean side we gathered shells and sand which we mixed with cement, and after our window frames had arrived for the upper floors (we made those of the basement ourselves) we commenced to frame up and fill in with cement and shells. Later on I will explain this more fully, for I see that it's getting dark. Let us all adjourn to the music-room."

Harry gathered up the plans and followed the party, realizing for the first time that something was wrong with its size, for it left him without a partner. Not that he particularly cared, oh no; but then, you see it interrupted the quiet conversation that he had been drawn into by the young girl.

"Good morning, Mr. Remmington," said Mr. Paul, in his pleasant way, the following morning, and, after receiving an equally cordial response, the two men stood

in the shadow of the great doorway of the manor-house, looking out toward the vast lawn. Mr. Paul continued: "I was somewhat surprised last evening to hear your daughter play the violin with such masterly grace, precision and with evident talent."

"Ah! thank you, Mr. Paul; she inherited the talent from her dear mother, and she has had good instructors; but really, Mr. Paul, it was I that was surprised, to see and hear that fine young man of yours play the cello so sweetly. Mrs. Paul and yourself are also talented, and it was a great pleasure to listen, even though I were your only audience, to such magnificent music so charmingly rendered."

"Oh, thank you; but we always employ our evenings here, and music gives us great pleasure," answered Mr. Paul.

Mr. Remmington, standing a little to the rear of his

companion, looked strangely at Mr. Paul, and said to himself, "I believe this is my man, if I could only see his private workshops," then aloud said, "Marie, my daughter, enjoys it so much here! and as I came from my rooms across the terrace, ten minutes ago, I saw her flitting through the passage toward the 'Great Hall.' I imagine she is on a tour of inspection." Mr. Paul smiled his approval, saying, "There is only one set of rooms that cannot be seen in the whole house, and as they have no connection with the second floor passages, she may go where she pleases."

Mr. Remmington looked quickly at Mr. Paul as he spoke of the rooms, and said,

"What rooms do you refer to, Mr. Paul?"

"My personal rooms, or, rather,

workshops—I do not allow Harry there on account of the chemicals, acids, gases, and other things of which I alone know their uses."

"Yes, yes, I see!" said Mr. Remmington, now more than ever anxious to see those rooms.

Marie had passed along the hall from her apartments toward the "Great Hall," looking either way as a view of the lawns, the groves, or the Great Billiard-Room met her gaze. She noted the decorative features of the rooms, the covered terraces and the rich floral growths that seemed a part of the columns, balustrades, or



"THE TWO MEN STOOD IN THE DOORWAY."

other architectural members that they surrounded. The mosaic floors were very interesting. The early morning sun made everything brilliant, and to this young English girl the house was a fairy palace full of new and strange things. She entered the "Great Hall," and, with an exclamation of delight, walked rapidly toward and up the staircase.

She was standing on the landing of the white marble staircase; the glorious radiance from a richly-colored stained-glass window shone around her, illuminating the cream white of her silken gown with ever-changing colors, as Marie stood within the full light of the morning sun through the east window.

"What a gorgeous pose!" said Harry to himself, as, entering the "Great Hall" from the "West Statuary Hall," his quick eye caught the picture and his artistic sense the appreciation of it.

"Good morning, Miss Remington," said Harry; "I did not think to find you up so early."

"Good morning, Mr. Paul. I saw the reflection of this window on the wall there and could not resist the temptation to see it. Is this some of your work, or did you import it?"

"Oh, it's our work," answered Harry, as, standing at the foot of the staircase, he was consulting his watch with the view of seeing how much longer he must live before breakfast, for he was a boy yet and wasn't quite sure that he would ever get enough to eat.

As Marie was about to descend, Harry said, "We have time to go up to the observatory, Miss Remington, if you would like to see it?"

"Yes, please," answered Marie, and the two ascended to the square tower, where a view of the island, the ocean and bay lay before them.

"Charming!" exclaimed Marie; "but explain, please, where we are, for I can see nothing of the mainland."

"This island, or key, as they are called here, is off the east coast of Florida. The mist there to the west prevents one seeing the mainland. Here to the east are the Bermudas, but beyond our vision, and as we are about in the middle of this island, there to the north is

the plantation of pines and to the south the results of the different experiments that father has made in tree culture. But breakfast must be ready, judging from the indications, and as we will visit the north end of the key after breakfast, we had better descend."

At the foot of the grand staircase they met the two gentlemen and Mrs. Paul. The latter was in the midst of a graphic explanation of a coming entertainment which had been gotten up by the captain of the *Glean*, who had taken one of Mr. Paul's launches the evening before and had communicated with the mainland and several of the keys, bringing together the talent and audience for the event the day after to-morrow.

As they passed through the library and out on the open terrace where the breakfast was served, they all were discussing the coming event in their several ways.

Mr. Paul explained that these affairs, while spontaneous, were periodical; that, foreseeing that something must be done to relieve the monotony of the lives of the enforced dwellers of this climate, he had constructed a theatre three years ago, and the upper part of the manor-house was given over to the theatre, the guest chambers and the like.

The procession of launches would arrive on the morning of the day of entertainment, and it would be a pleasant sight to watch them as, bedecked with flags and ribbons, they steamed up to the landing, saluting, and moving in, out and around before tying to the dock.

"Did you know of this?" asked Marie.

Harry, as, sitting beside each other at breakfast, they at last found an opportunity to speak.

"Yes!" answered Harry, quietly; "we gave the search-light signal to the mainland and the other keys from the observatory last night after our little musicale broke up."

"The answering flashes from the mainland and keys appointed the day after to-morrow."

"How charming!" said Marie. "You must show me how the signals are given, for I am fond of such things."

"With pleasure," answered Harry. "To-night we will talk to the entire system of keys."



"THE GLORIOUS RADIANCE FROM A RICHLY-COLORED WINDOW SHONE AROUND HER."

(To be Continued)